

Lady Eaton

Ardwold  
Davenport Road  
Toronto

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Regrets.

Mr. & Mrs. Robert W. Eaton.

150 Farnham Avenue

2.1



*Mrs. R. T. Gooderham.*

3.1



My hearty congratulations  
on your engagement  
which I saw  
announced in  
yesterday's paper.



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Mrs Ritchie  
If in Memoriam is the record of a human  
soul, the Idylls mean the history  
not of man or of one generation but of a  
whole cycle of the fall of a nation falling  
+ falling away into darkness - It is  
the dream of man coming into practical  
life and summed by one sum - Birth  
is a mystery and death is a mystery  
and in the midst lies the table land  
of life and its struggle and performance

His kingdom is the rule of Conscience  
Idyl - little picture

Charlemagne - authentic history  
6<sup>th</sup> century a war leader in Britain  
called Arthur or Arthur

10 Idylls - grouped together under the  
general title of the Round Table - The  
passing of Arthur and an epilogue to the Queen  
The first two last are separated from the ten  
intermediate poems and deal, the one  
with the birth of Arthur and his founding  
of the great Order and the other with the



Kings last battle and passing from earth  
One <sup>Dayless</sup> complete year - phases of nature  
forming a background for the successive  
scenes of the poem.

Coming of Arthur - Night of the New Year that  
Arthur was born

Mystery of Arthur's birth - points to the  
searchings of heart, the difficulties  
and the doubts which ever accompany  
any human conception.

Bedivere - Honest Knight

Bellicent - belongs to this class but wears one  
which she <sup>as a woman</sup> asks Merlin to satisfy

Three Fair Queens - Fast Hope & Charity

Ysolt - a small town in Cornwall in the  
time of the King (Santo 6 years)  
He was seized with death and a hundred  
years after him - Arthur who succeeded  
a descendant of the last Roman Emperor  
Mark J. Arthur - Another Arthur  
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" I FIND EARTH NOT GRAY BUT ROSY,  
HEAVEN NOT FAR BUT NEAR OF VIEW;  
IF I STOOP I PICK A POSIE,  
IF I STAND AND STARE ALL'S BLUE."

BECAUSE OF YOU, DEAR FRIEND,  
BECAUSE OF YOU.

WITH LOVING GREETINGS FROM  
EMMA AND GEORGE NASMITH

41 ORIOLE ROAD

CHRISTMAS, 1920

64



Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side  
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

*William Cullen Bryant.*

## YOUTH AND ART.

"IT once might have been, once only:  
We lodged in a street together,  
You, a sparrow on the housetop lonely,  
I, a lone she-bird of his feather.  
Your trade was with sticks and clay,  
You thumbed, thrust, patted, and polished,  
Then laughed, "They will see, some day,  
Smith made, and Gibson demolished."  
My business was song, song, song;  
I chirped, cheeped, trilled, and twittered,  
"Kate Brown's on the boards ere long,  
And Grisi's existence imbittered!"  
I earned no more by a warble  
Than you by a sketch in plaster;  
You wanted a piece of marble,  
I needed a music-master.  
We studied hard in our styles,  
Chipped each at a crust like Hindoos,  
For air, looked out on the tiles,  
For fun, watched each other's windows.  
You lounged, like a boy of the South,  
Cap and blouse — nay, a bit of beard, too;  
Or you got it, rubbing your mouth  
With fingers the clay adhered to.

7.1



And I — soon managed to find  
 Weak points in the flower-fence facing,  
 Was forced to put up a blind  
 And be safe in my corset-lacing.

No harm! It was not my fault  
 If you never turned your eye's tail up  
 As I shook upon E *in alt.*,  
 Or ran the chromatic scale up;

For spring bade the sparrows pair,  
 And the boys and girls gave guesses,  
 And stalls in our street looked rare  
 With bulrush and water-cresses.

Why did not you pinch a flower  
 In a pellet of clay and fling it?  
 Why did not I put a power  
 Of thanks in a look, or sing it?

I did look, sharp as a lynx  
 (And yet the memory rankles)  
 When models arrived, some minx  
 Tripped up stairs, she and her ankles.

But I think I gave you as good!  
 "That foreign fellow — who can know  
 How she pays, in a playful mood,  
 For his tuning her that piano?"

Could you say so, and never say,  
 "Suppose we join hands and fortunes,  
 And I fetch her from over the way,  
 Her, piano, and long tunes and short tunes?"

No, no; you would not be rash,  
 Nor I rasher and something over:  
 You've to settle yet Gibson's hash,  
 And Grisi yet lives in clover.

But you meet the Prince at the Board,  
 I'm queen myself at *bals-parés*,  
 I've married a rich old lord,  
 And you're dubbed knight and an R. A.

And people suppose me clever  
 This could have happened but once  
 And we married & took it forever.

7.2

Each life's unfulfilled you see  
 Hangs still patchy and scrappy  
 not sighed deep laughed yes  
 soaked destined been happy  
 a dunce





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